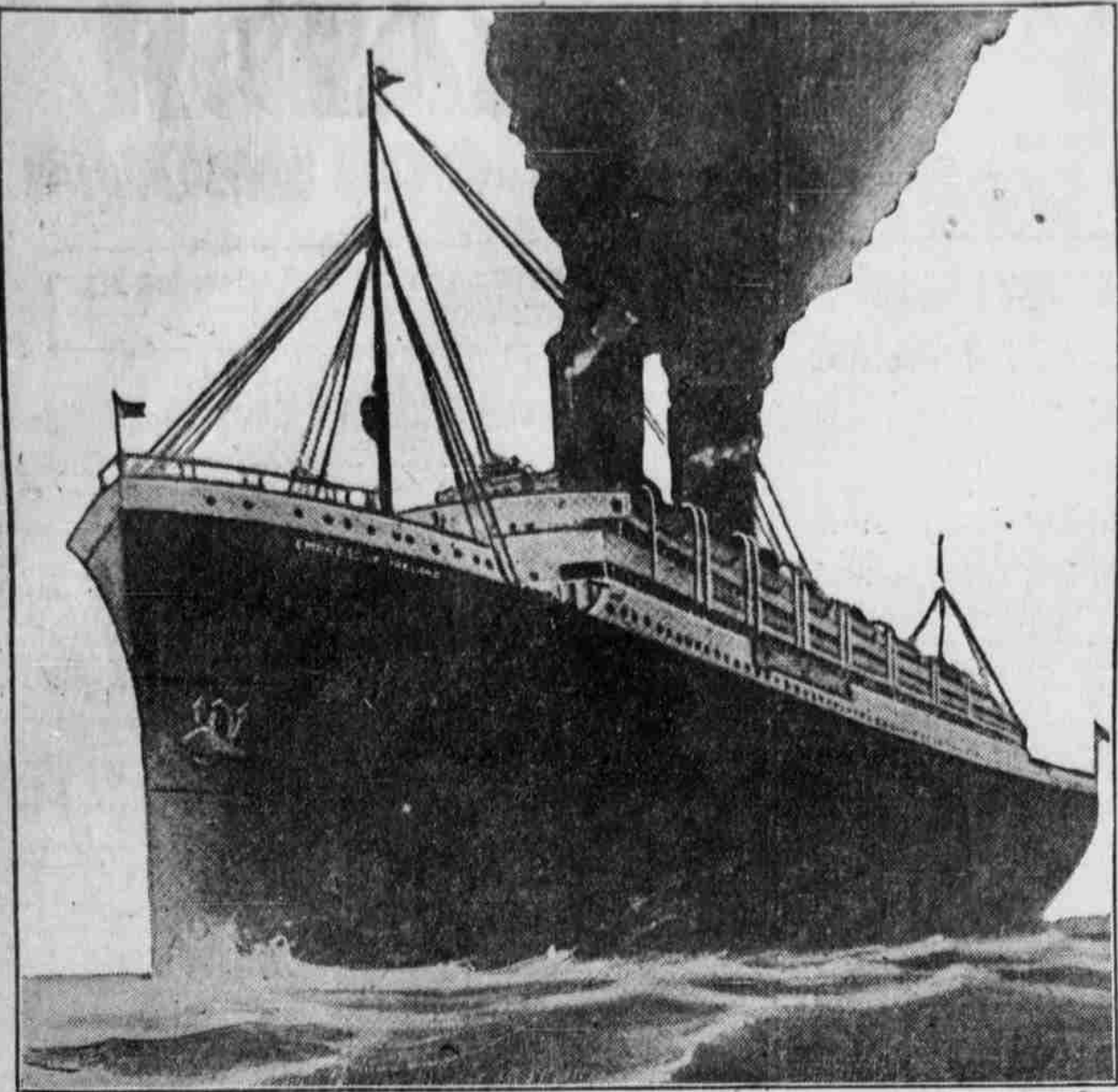


LOST OCEAN LINER EMPRESS OF IRELAND



969 PERISH IN SEA DISASTER

Great Liner Goes to Bottom at Mouth of St. Lawrence River Following a Collision With a Collier.

Rimouski, Que., May 31.—Nine hundred and sixty-nine persons lost their lives Friday morning when the great Canadian Pacific twin screw liner Empress of Ireland was rammed amidships in a thick fog off Father Point in the St. Lawrence and sunk by the Norwegian collier Storstad.

Four hundred and eighteen survivors were picked up from floating wreckage and two lifeboats. And only 12 of the saved are women. Gathered piecemeal from survivors the horror of this wreck grows with the telling.

Waters Quickly Engulf Ship.
The doomed ones had little time even to pray. They were engulfed by the onrushing waters that swallowed the big ship inside of nineteen minutes from the time she was struck.

The wireless operators on the Empress, sticking to their posts to the last, had time only to send a few "S. O. S." calls for help when the rising waters silenced their instruments. That silence told the rescuers miles away more potently than a bugle that doom had overtaken the ship.

Only six hours before this fateful collision the passengers sang as a good-night hymn "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," played by the Salvation Army band on board.

The members of that band and most of the 165 Salvationists were among the lost.

Survivors Tell of Fog.
It was foggy, according to survivors, when the Empress of Ireland, a steel-hulled, steel-bulkheaded ship of more than eight thousand tons, left Montreal at 4:30 Thursday afternoon in command of H. G. Kendall of the Royal Naval Reserve, one of the most skilled of transatlantic navigators.

Forest fires also obscured the atmosphere and the big ship, in charge of a pilot, proceeded slowly on her way to sea. At midnight the pilot aide left near Father Point, shouting a merry "Bon Voyage" as he went down their ladder to his waiting boat.

The darkness at this time was intense and the ship under the slowest speed possible with steeringway held her course. Her decks were deserted. The passengers had all sought their berths with no thought of impending death.

Out of the darkness, on the port side, soon after 2:30 in the morning there loomed the little Norwegian collier, not half the size of the Empress, but fated to be her destroyer.

Not until the collier was almost abreast of the big liner was the danger known on either ship. The fog had blotted out the lights as well as the port and starboard lights of both ships. Quick orders trumpeted on both vessels were heard. But they came all too late.

Strikes Ship Amidships.
The steel-pointed prow of the Storstad, struck the liner amidships and then forged aft, ripping and tearing its way through the Empress of Ireland.

Clear to the stern of the Empress of Ireland was the great steel shoving out from her side, from the top of the hull far below the water line. Into

that rent the water poured with the force of a Niagara.

The bow of the Storstad smashed its way through berths on that side of the ship, killing passengers sleeping in their berths and grinding bodies to pieces.

Reaching the stern of the big liner, the Storstad staggered off in the darkness, her bow crumpled by the impact. Her commander was ready a few minutes later, when he found his ship would float, to aid the crippled and sinking Empress, but he was too late to save the majority of those on board.

Carried to Bottom.
The Empress of Ireland recoiled almost on her starboard beam end from the blow of the collier and passengers were flung from their berths against the walls of their staterooms.

Many were stunned and before they had time to recover were carried to the bottom with the ship.

The vast torrents pouring into the great gash on the port side, aft, filled the corridors and flooded every stateroom shaft the midship section inside of four minutes.

There was never a chance for the helpless ones in the after cabins and staterooms of the liner. With her port side laid open for half its length from the midship section to the stern, a seive had more chance to float than the Empress of Ireland, and the trapped passengers in that after section were doomed from the moment the Storstad struck.

Reeling from the blow the ship began to settle almost immediately as the water rushed into the big rent.

From the forward cabins, however, men and women in night attire stumbled along the corridors and up the companion way to the promenade deck—the deck below, the one on which the boats rested.

Swarm to Deck.
Up they swarmed on deck in their night clothing to find the ship heeling away to port and the deck slanting at a degree that made it almost impossible to stand even clinging to railings.

Men and women, shrieking, praying, crying for aid that was fated to arrive too late, fell over one another in that last struggle for life on board the doomed Empress of Ireland.

Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babies in their arms. Others knelt on deck and tried to pray in the few moments left to them. Some were flung overboard by the heeling of the sinking ship and some broke their legs or arms in trying to reach the lifeboats.

Above the din of the struggle on the great promenade deck could be heard Captain Kendall shouting commands for the launching of the lifeboats. Several were launched in the 19 minutes that the ship floated.

There was no time to observe the rule "Women first" in this disaster, for those nearest the boats scrambled to places in them.

But even as they were being launched, while the wireless still was calling "S. O. S." there came a terrific explosion that almost rent the ship in twain.

It was the explosion of the boilers struck by the cold water. A geyser of water shot upward from the midship section, mingled with fragments of wreckage, that showered down upon the passengers still clinging to the rails forward and upon those struggling in the water.

The explosion destroyed the last hope of the ship's floating until succor could arrive, for the shock had smashed the forward steel bulkhead walls that had up to then shut out the torrents invading the after part. The water rushed forward and the Empress of Ireland, venting swiftly to her doom, carrying down with her hundreds of passengers who stood on her slanting deck, their arms stretched upward and their last cries choked in the engulfing waters.

One of the survivors, relating that last tragic scene on the decks of the liner, said:

"I was asleep like most of the passengers when the collision came. There was a sickening crunching of wood and steel and then a grinding, ripping sound as the Storstad smashed her way along the port side of our ship."

"I knew that we had been struck and I rushed to the staterooms of some friends and shouted to them to get up as the ship was sinking. Stateroom doors flew open all along the corridor and men and women began to rush for the grand companion forward. Those aft must have been drowned in their berths."

Darkness Is Intense.
"On deck officers of the ship, partially dressed, were rushing about urging passengers to be calm. Sailors under orders were trying to launch the lifeboats."

"The darkness was intense and a few minutes after I reached the deck the electric lights went out. At that time there were still hundreds of passengers below trying to grope their way through the darkened corridors to the companionway and reach the deck. Most of them went down with the ship, for the corridors below filled right after the explosion of the boilers."

"I leaped overboard in despair just before the ship went down and managed to find a bit of wreckage to which I clung."

The gray dawn revealed the government steamers Lady Evelyn and Eureka near the scene of the disaster and hastening to aid.

Some of those in the water tried to swim to the Eureka as she neared the point where the Empress had gone down. One woman, wearing only an undervest, swam to the Lady Evelyn, and was helped on board, but died of exhaustion soon afterwards.

The work of rescue still was going on when the sun arose in a cloudless sky.

Men and women were clinging to spars and bits of broken planks. Many of the survivors were injured. Some had broken legs, others fractured arms and still others had been injured internally in that last mad rush to get away from the sinking liner.

Women clinging with one hand to little ones, while with the other they tried to keep clutch to pieces of wreckage, were picked up by the lifeboats and carried on board the rescuing vessels.

Captain Kendall, dazed and unable to give any coherent account of the loss of his ship, was found clinging to a broken spar.

J. W. Langley, rancher, of Canford, B. C., went down with the ship, but held his breath, and, coming to the surface, found a piece of wreckage and clung to it until picked up.

One of the survivors, in explaining the quickness with which the Empress of Ireland went down, said:

"The collier, being only something over 3,000 tons, did not reach up ever to the upper or topmost deck of our hull. Her bow cut under the upper deck and took a peeling off the side of our ship that allowed the water to rush into the lower decks. Then the liner heeled over, and even those in the superstructure deck rooms had no chance to save themselves. Hundreds of them must have been dumped out of their berths and slammed against the walls with stunning force."

Kendall Blames Collier.
Rimouski, Que., June 1.—Capt. Harry G. Kendall of the Empress of Ireland blames the commander of the collier Storstad for the sinking of the liner. Before the coroner's jury Saturday he told how the Empress dropped its pilot Thursday night at Father Point, near which the disaster occurred.

"We then proceeded full speed," continued Capt. Kendall. After passing Rock point gas buoy I sighted the steamer Storstad, it then being clear.

"The Storstad was then about one point, twelve degrees, on my starboard bow. At that time I saw a slight fog bank coming gradually from the land and knew it was going to pass between the Storstad and myself. The Storstad was about two miles away at that time."

Blows Whistle as Warning.
"Then the fog came and the Storstad's lights disappeared. I rang full speed astern on my engines and stopped my ship."

"At the same time I blew three short blasts on the steamer's whistle, meaning (I am going full speed astern.) The Storstad answered with the whistle, giving me one prolonged blast."

"I then looked over the side of my ship into the water and I saw my ship was stopped. I stopped my engines and blew two long blasts, meaning 'My ship was underway but stopped and has no way upon her.' He answered me again with one prolonged blast. The sound was then about four points upon my starboard bow."

Lights Appear From Gloom.
"It was still foggy. About two minutes afterward I saw his red and green lights. He would then be about one ship's length away from me. I shouted to him through the megaphone to go full speed astern, as I saw that the collision was inevitable; at the same time I put my engine full speed ahead with my helm hard aport, with the object of avoiding, if possible, the shock. Almost at the same time he came right in and cut the Empress down in a line between the funnels."

"I shouted to the Storstad to keep full speed ahead to fill the hole he had made. He then backed away. The ship began to fill and listed over rapidly. When the Storstad struck the Empress I had stopped my engines."

Should Have Heard Call.
"What was the cause of the collision?" asked the coroner.

"The Storstad running into the Empress of Ireland, which was stopped," answered Kendall.

Capt. Kendall, in answer to a question by a juror, said that when he shouted to the Storstad's captain to stand fast he received no answer. It was impossible for him not to have been heard, he added.

"I shouted five times; I also shouted 'Keep ahead,' said Capt. Kendall, and if he did not hear that he should have done it, as a seaman should have known that."

"There was wind?"
"It was quite still. When he backed away I shouted to him to stand by. I did not hear any explosion, but when a ship goes down like that there is bound to be a great deal of air, and the air pressure causes that."

Not His Fault, Says Andersen.
Montreal, Que., June 1.—With its bows crumpled in and twisted around at an acute angle to port, and with a gap showing on the port side only a foot or so above the water line, the Norwegian collier Storstad, which rammed the liner Empress of Ireland, limped into the harbor.

A few minutes later a warrant of arrest, taken out by the Canadian Pacific railway, was nailed to its mainmast by order of W. Simpson Walker, K. C., registrar of the Quebec admiralty.

Subsequently a statement based on Capt. Andersen's report, as well as the reports of other officers, was given out.

According to the captain and officers, contrary to what has been stated by the captain of the Empress of Ireland, the Storstad did not back away after the collision. On the contrary, it steamed ahead in an effort to keep its bows in the hole it had dug into the side of the Empress.

Denies Vessel Moved Away.
The Empress, however, according to the Storstad's officers, headed away and bent the Storstad's bow over at an acute angle to port. After that the Empress was hidden from the view of the Storstad, and, despite the fact that the Storstad kept its whistle blowing, it could not locate the Empress until the cries of some of the victims in the water were heard.

Capt. Andersen denied that he moved a mile or so away from the Empress after his vessel struck the liner. The Storstad had not moved, he said. It was the Empress which had changed position, he declared.

According to the report made by Capt. Andersen to the owners, immediately the collision occurred, he heard Capt. Kendall shout, calling on him not to pull away.

"I won't," shouted the Storstad's captain, as loud as he could. After that the Empress disappeared from the Storstad's view.

Lexington was caught in a hurricane unprepared. All were saved by the help the "S. O. S." summoned. The Niobe, wrecked off Cape Sable, filled in the intermission until the great sea disaster of the Titanic claimed world attention by the unparalleled summoning of assistance from many different sources.

Some people bear three kinds of trouble—all they ever had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

—Edward Everett Hale.

TOLD BY SURVIVORS Vivid Stories of Awful Disaster to Liner Empress of Ireland.

Montreal, Que., June 1.—Exciting and vivid stories of their experiences are told by survivors of the disaster that overtook the liner Empress of Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Freeman of Wisconsin at the Chateau Frontenac told of their dash for safety after the Empress was smashed by the collier. Mr. Freeman jumped from his berth, and, seizing a sweater, he threw it around Mrs. Freeman. In the dark they struggled up the companionway and made their way to the port side, where the unmanageable lifeboats were.

The boat keeled, and, determined to die together, they jumped into the water. They were separated, but both could swim. Whirled about the water, they finally were picked up by a boat from the Storstad.

Woman Tells of Rescue.
"Following the sinking of the ship," Mrs. Freeman said, "we were both dragged down. We became separated, but we were fair swimmers and thought we could help ourselves a little bit. When we came up I could not see my husband and he could not see me."

"Just before the collision I had a premonition that something dreadful was going to happen. I lay there thinking of it, and then I heard the whistles going and the men running on deck. That woke my husband up, too. We saw that we were going to be swept off the liner and we looked arms and jumped into the black cold water just before the boat turned."

"When I felt my husband's hands torn from mine I thought we never would see each other again. But we were picked up by boats from the same vessel."

Bellboy Tells Vivid Story.
Charles Spencer, a bellboy on the Empress of Ireland, told of the manner in which Captain Kendall saved him. Still hysterical from the suffering he endured, he cried as he told of his experience.

"When the crash came I ran down to the stateroom to wake up the boys there and get them to go to the bulkheads and turn them. They are closed by hand wheels. I did not have much time, because when I reached there the water was two feet deep and I could hardly get through it. I know two of the boys were drowned there. I and another, Samuel Baker, were the only bellboys saved out of the dozen on the vessel."

"After I woke up the boys below I ran up to boat deck where men were trying to put the lifeboats overboard. The Empress had a list to starboard and the top deck was down to the water. It was going very fast. One of the funnels toppled into the water and almost fell on a lifeboat. When the boat made a final lurch I dived into the water because I felt I could get somewhere."

Saved by Captain Kendall.
"When I came up Capt. Kendall was near me. He caught hold of me and helped me along. Harry Baker was near us and the captain took him, too. He helped us along. We were in the water about 20 minutes, when we were picked up and taken to the coal boat. We were not far away when the port side blew out."

"They took care of us when they put us at Rimouski. They did not have enough clothes for us, so we took bare feet and put holes in them for our arms and legs. They gave us all kinds of socks and old slippers and old shoes that could not be matched, but we were glad to get anything to keep us warm."

"The bulkheads were closed forward. After I yelled to the boys to close the bulkheads, I saw Harry Baker and Charley Turnstall, two of my chums, standing by and closing the doors. They were both lost as they never got out deck."

Volturno Hero Among Saved.
J. H. Price, ordinary seaman, who was recently awarded a medal for gallantry for jumping into the water from the Devonian to save a Volturno passenger, told this story:

"We had just put the pilot off in his boat. He had climbed down the starboard gangway into his tender and I had just got the sea ladder ready for carrying forward for stowage."

"As I reached the break of the deck under the bridge I saw the Storstad bearing down on our starboard bow. I could see its masthead lights then, but neither of its side lights. Its course was somewhat across ours, and I heard our bridge signal it to starboard its help. He did the same with our engines and stopped our headway."

"Then I saw the Storstad sheer away and its starboard light showed. But it kept coming on, and it was clear it was going to hit us. It struck up just about the starboard gangway. I should think it went into us by the No. 1 forward stokehold and then ripped aft in the engine room."

"As the crash came I heard an order from the bridge, 'all hands.' I dropped the sea ladder and ran up to the bridge to clear the emergency boat, which swung overboard ready for lowering. That was the only boat I think that really got launched from the Empress if Ireland and there was no one there to get into it."

Hard to Stick to Ship.
"The ship was listing away over."

It was swung over more and more, and, with the first officer, I clung to the combing of the Marconi house. There was some boat gear lashed on top there and its lashings got away and carried the first officer overboard.

"Terrible confusion followed. Everything gave way. I saw two or three men carried overboard as great winches broke their lashings and lurched into the sea. People were scrambling up from below and trying to get to the port side to keep away from the water. It was all I could do to hang on to the Marconi house. Finally I saw the ship was going. It was on its beam ends, and made a dive for it. I got it and just then the ship gave a wallow and went under. The spar and I were carried under the water."

"The surface of the water, when I came up, was all covered with people, dead and alive; some struggling and some bobbing in the water. The only light came from the flare of some of the automatic life buoys which got free when the ship sank. They sort of made a creepy light over it all. It was like bugs on a pool."

Price found a collapsible boat floating nearby. He crawled into it and other men followed him. Finally they came across two women swimming. They were pulled aboard, followed by the chief steward. All these persons were taken in by a boat from the Storstad. Price was picked up by the pilot boat Eureka.

Arthur Ferraday, chief steward of the third-class, sat in the little seaman's mission, one arm was bandaged and an injured leg was helpless.

Pulled From Bunk by Mate.
"The crash did not wake me," he said. "One of the mates pulled me from my bunk in the 'glory hole' and told me the ship was sinking. He went up to the deck. While I was 'raving' out the ship gave a sudden lurch and boxes and trunks fell upon me, tearing my wrist and landing on my back."

"I ran up to the boat deck where the men were trying to get the boats over. A lot of us tried to put over No. 12 boat on the port deck, but could not do it because the vessel had such a list to it. It was starboard."

"Then we went to No. 11 on the starboard side. We got that off and let it down carefully and it reached the water safely. Then we ran to No. 16 on the port side. The officers were with us helping to get the boat over. While we were at it, the ship took a sudden lurch and threw us down the side of the ship, or rather down the slanting deck. The first officer was caught in the boat gear and carried overboard to his death."

Saw Many Women Drowned.
"We tried another boat on the port side, and as the ship rolled it filled with women. The turning of the ship made it impossible to get the boat away and the women saw another boat near and jumped out to run to the other over the ship's side. They did not reach the other lifeboat, and all of them, I think, were drowned."

"As the vessel rolled over I jumped and swam around for half an hour, when I came across a barrel and held on until I was saved by one of the boats from the Storstad."

"There was no panic. It all happened so quickly that no one had a chance to be frightened. They had no chance to get to the upper decks. Many of the people were killed by the rafts sliding down the deck of the vessel. They were loose on decks and crashed into the people and smashed them against stanchions or swept them overboard."

Lawrence Irving's Heroism.
Lawrence Irving, son of the late Sir Henry Irving and well-known on the English and American stages, lost his life while he was trying to save his wife.

F. E. Abbott of Toronto was the last man to see Irving alive.

"I met him first in the passageway and he asked calmly, 'Is the boat going down?'"

"I said that it looked like it."

"Dearie," Irving then said to his wife, "hurry, there is no time to lose."

"Mrs. Irving then began to cry, and the actor reached for a life belt the boat suddenly lurched forward and he was thrown against the door of his cabin. His face was bloody and Mrs. Irving became frantic."

"Keep cool," he warned her, but she persisted in holding her arms around him.

"He forced the life belt over her and pushed her out of the door. He then practically carried her upstairs. I said, 'Can I help you?' and Irving said, 'No, yourself first old man, but God bless you all the same.'"

"I left the two—man and wife—struggling. I got on deck and dived overboard. I caught hold of a piece of timber and, holding on tight, looked around. Irving was by this time on deck. He was kissing his wife, and as the ship went down they were clasped in each other's arms."

Chief Operator Hayes of the Empress told of the sinking of the vessel.

"As soon as I felt the shock of the collision," he said, "I was ordered to sound the danger signal, and the flash of my S. O. S. was immediately picked up by the operator at Father Point and answered. But I could not talk with him for five minutes after the impact my dynamo failed me and 17 minutes after the collision our boat sank."

The noise of the water rushing into his cabin awoke W. Davis of Toronto and his wife. They fled upon deck, but in the rush of passengers became separated. Mr. Davis was saved. It is feared his wife sank with the boat.

Remarkable Balancing.
Norah, fresh from old Ireland, stared at the baby's toy balloon, which hovered at a place two or three feet higher than her head, and was anchored to the back of a chair. "Tis square and wonderful entirely!" she said, raising her hands. "To see it up—and balance its own self—and its standin' on a string!"—Youth's Companion.

God, to Thee," as the White Star liner went down.

HOME TOWN HELDS

EVERY TOWN NEEDS CLEANING

There is Always Good Work for a Village Improvement Society to Do.

Even if you live in a well-kept town there is much that can be done to make it still more attractive, says the Kansas Industrialist. Work that you do with trees, shrubs, grass and the tin cans back in your alley will increase the value of your property and give you a good appetite.

"For village improvement to be most successful the city government and the private citizens must cooperate," says M. F. Ahearn, assistant professor of horticulture at the Kansas agricultural college. "Let the civic improvement clubs, together with the municipal government, offer prizes for the best appearing lawn and the lawn showing the greatest improvement in looks. Garden contests should be started and the producer helped in selling his products. Get everyone interested in the work. Try to develop a community spirit and make each citizen feel that his aid is essential in carrying out the plans for the betterment of his municipality."

"Have a 'cleanup' day to begin with. Get the people interested in keeping the streets and especially the alleys clean. Dirty alleys breed flies and disease. Plant shrubs and trees and sow grass seed in the parkings. Prune the trees and fight the tent caterpillars and other troublesome insects and tree diseases. Doctor those trees that are injured. Houses should be painted and the building of cement walks and paving of streets started."

"A village improvement society can be organized to look after the different phases of the work. Encouraging the better cultivation of flowers, fruits and vegetables will be one of its duties. The society can give an annual flower show and demonstrate the artistic possibilities of each flower. Lectures given by the organization will be useful, also. A great deal can be done in cleaning up and beautifying the school grounds and when Arbor day comes let it be observed by planting some properly selected shade trees, the work to be under municipal control instead of being done wholly by individual landowners."

ACTS AS COMMUNITY'S AID
Somewhat Novel But Useful Position Has Been Created by University of Illinois.

Cities, towns, villages and country neighborhoods in Illinois which want to better themselves have a new instrument to aid—the services of the community adviser, a novel position just created by the University of Illinois. Dr. Robert E. Hieronymus, formerly president of Eureka college and until recently secretary of the educational commission of Illinois, has been appointed to the position and has begun his duties.

While the university formerly was more than anxious to aid all communities in their betterment work, it was necessary for them to come to the university. Now the university goes to the community, for practically all of the adviser's time will be occupied in traveling over the state. The position is said to be a new one in the United States.

The whole idea is based on the principle that every community contains within itself the means of its own betterment and that social welfare is to be evolved from within, not laid on from without. The first step in obtaining those betterments which cannot come from individual enterprises alone, will be the attempt to develop a community consciousness. There is to be nothing of the "highbrow" in the movement—it is designed to be intensely practical, in terms that every one can understand.

The adviser will co-operate by visits and by correspondence with local organizations—agricultural, commercial, social and civic—in utilizing their local education resources for the promotion of vocational education, especially in the new fields. Local school boards and teachers will be enlisted in this campaign.

"Beauty Need of America."
Comparing the growth of the American people with the growth of a blade of grass, Rabbi Abraham Simon spoke at Philadelphia. "The Story of a Blade of Grass" was his topic.

"So small a thing as a blade of grass carries a message to the American people," said Rabbi Simon. "From the life of a blade of grass the people can take a message of life, industry, democracy, service, and beauty."

Speaking on the last of these, he said: "Beauty is the need of our country. Americans have not realized the lesson taught by the blade of grass. They have not learned to beautify everything, hate dirt and filth, abolish things unlovely and rude. If they had we would have no tenement districts, no crowded rookeries, no smoky manufacturing cities, and no 'garbage drama.' A blade of grass is a world all its own if it inspires the American people to desire beauty."

City of Apartment Houses.
Dwelling houses are fast becoming only a memory in New York city. Few new ones are built every year, but hundreds are torn down to make room for business buildings or big apartments. Today the metropolis is a city of apartment houses.

Not Really Blind.
"Didn't you solemnly promise to love, honor and obey me, my dear?" "Yes, but the minister has known me all my life, and he knew I didn't mean it!"—Puck.

Wireless telegraphy, which has been the savior in the hour of greatest danger to thousands of helpless victims in disasters at sea, and which flickered out the sturdy "S. O. S." that brought succor to the Empress of Ireland early today, has again proved itself the Nemesis of death on the ocean.

Statisticians who became busy chalking up and adding the human credit marks that wireless has earned,

declared that probably 6,000 persons owe their lives to the fact that a wireless station was near them in some disaster. They declared it has reduced the terrors of ocean travel as nothing else under Providence has.

It came into practical use in 1909. The steamship Republic, threatening 1,500 lives in a head-on collision with the Florida, that year, gave it its first real sea try-out.

The Alaska was the next. In mid-ocean with not another smokestack in sight, flames burst out. The wireless operator, unmindful of his danger, kept clicking and clicking, and just as the boat was going down, help arrived and the 128 passengers aboard were saved.

Then came the Kentucky in 1910. In the same year 1919 were saved in the Koenigen Luise. Death was cheated in the instance of the burning freighter, Templemore, when all on board, 544, were saved.

Following close on this record, the

Lexington was caught in a hurricane unprepared. All were saved by the help the "S. O. S." summoned. The Niobe, wrecked off Cape Sable, filled in the intermission until the great sea disaster of the Titanic claimed world attention by the unparalleled summoning of assistance from many different sources.